Haſt. His grace lookes cheerefully and ſmooth to day,
Thers ſome conceite or other liks him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with ſuch a ſpirit,
I thinke there is neuer a man in Chriſtendome,
That can leſſer hide his loue or hate then hee:
For by his face ſtraight ſhall you know his heart.
Dar. What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he ſhewed to day?
Haſt. Marry that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue ſhewde it in his face.
Dar. I pray God he be not, I ſay.

Enter Gloceſter.

Glo. I pray you all, what do they deſerue
That do conſpire my death with diueliſh plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild
Vpon my body with their helliſh charmes?
Haſt. The tender loue I beare your grace my Lord
Makes me moſt forward in this noble preſence,
To doome the offenders whatſoeuer they be:
I ſay my Lord they haue deſerued death,
Glo. Then be your eyes the witneſſe of this ill,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blaſted ſapling withered vp.
This is that *Edwards* wife, that monſtrous witch,
Conſorted with that harlot ſtrumpet *Shore*,
That by their witchcraft thus haue marked me.
Haſt. If they haue done this thing my gracious Lord.
Glo. If thou *Protector* of this damned ſtrumpet,
Telſt thou me of iffs? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head: Now by Saint Paul,
I will not dine to day I ſwere,
Vntill I ſee the ſame, ſome ſee it done:
The reſt that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt, manet*
Haſt. Wo, wo, for *England*, not a whit for me. *Ca. with Haſt.*
For I too fond might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But I diſdaind it and did ſcorne to flie,
Three times to day my footecloth horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtarted when he lookt vpon the Tower,

As

Of Richard *th*

As loth to beare me to the ſlaught
Oh now I warrant the Prieſt that
I now repent I told the Purſiuant
As twere triumphing at mine ener
How they at *Pomfret* bloodily wer
And I my ſelfe ſecure in grace and
Oh *Margret*, *Margret*: now thy
Is lightened on poore *Haſtings* wre
Cat. Diſpatch my Lord, the Duke
Make a ſhort ſhrift he longs to ſee
Haſt. O momentary ſtate of worl
Which we more hunt for, then for t
Who builds his hopes in the aire of
Liues like a drunken ſayler on a ma
Ready with euery nod to tumble d
Into the fatall bowels of the deepe.
Come leade me to the blocke, beare
They ſmile at me, that ſhortly ſhall

Enter Duke of Gloceſter, and Bu

Glo. Come couſen, canſt thou quak
Murther thy breath in middle of a
And then begin againe and ſtop aga
As if thou wert diſtraught and ma
Buc. Tut feare not me,
I can counterfeit the deepe Traiedian
Speake and looke backe and prie on
Intending deepe ſuſpition gaſtly lo
Are at my ſeruice like inforced ſmi
And both are ready in their offices
To grace my ſtratagems.
Glo. Here comes the maior.
Buc. Let me alone to entertaine hi
Glo. Looke to the drawbridge the
Buc. The reaſon we haue ſent for
Glo. Catesby ouer looke the walle
Buc. Harke, *I* heare a drumme,
Glo. Looke backe defend thee, her
Buc. God and our inocency defend
Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is *Catesby*.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURG (JA 37